

# Will We Ever Learn?

## Bp T-BONE SLIM

United States is the "promised land" of Israel—it would be well for our Jewish brethren, those who work, to "give a consideration" to Industrial Unionism; with a view of making it, U. S. A., something more substantial than a promise. Politics lead but to mental and physical pogroms.

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New York American spills the beans: . . . and he had always been honest . . . , h dff pvfqunhuv 40in, onai0."—How's that for crossed fingers, O'in onai0? . . .

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Warder, bank examiner, gets 5 to 10 years in the cooler for winking at Ferrari, president of the 5 million dollar City Trust "crash" and big hearted disher of presents—bribes and automobiles. Warder's daughter one day was surprised with a brand new car . . . Well, if the car is a good one, it's well worth papa's time to serve a few years in a cage for good ol' York state.

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In the roto-gravure section of the great American press a woman's leg is a leg, but man's leg is only a suit of underwear.

(Naturally, men are deeply offended.)

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A good test for all those reputed cancer cures: Try it on Wall Street. (If it works, pass it on to the small fry.)

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Those pigs are only half as blind as justice—blind pigs have yet to grab a cup and rush forth to solicit alms—or bribes.

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Anachronism:

The cost of industrial peace exceeds the cost of active hostilities.

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Sweat was rolling down the man's grimy cheeks as he swung the twelve pound persuader . . . "Wait a minute, Bill," purrs the foreman, "we just got a phone call that your wife is dead."

"Dead!" gasps Bill, "is that right—are you sure?"

"That's what the doctor said."

"Well," snorts Bill as he threw down his maul, "here's where I quit, right now! I'm done! No more work for me—I've been waiting twenty years for this." (Married blitz!—under systemized capitalism.)

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Two hours' overtime throws one-quarter of a whole man out of work.

Four men working overtime that way throw one full man out of work. Yes—and that ONE jobless man can cut the wages for the four of 'em. Expensive overtime, isn't it? Overtime is the road to the poorhouse.

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Just now the working class is demanding "a living wage"—a reasonable demand—but they need not demand it. The boss sees to it that the "boys" get a living wage, all right—not a cent more—else his income will stop.

Let me tell you in strict confidence: Living wages and parity are of a piece. Parity is the big idea of having the working man eat as well as the boss he supports. (I think it would be better to send the boss to a poorhouse and put him on parity with the old jiggers he skinned ahead of us—but that's another matter.)

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"Lookit, all my milk and honey," belched Croesus, the King of Barnyard . . .

"Yeah!" yehhed Solon, "and when a feller comes along with thinner milk he'll eat that honey."—T.B.S.